

## **The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.**

### **Astral projection**

Once upon a time, in the quaint town of Nelson in Pendle, there lived a young man named Donald Jay. He was an ordinary boy with an extraordinary gift—or so he believed. From a very young age, Donald had experienced something mysterious and out of the ordinary: astral projection.

As a child, Donald couldn't explain the strange sensations that occasionally washed over him. It was as if he could leave his physical body behind and explore the world in an ethereal form. These experiences were surreal and sometimes frightening, leaving him questioning his own sanity.

Donald's family wasn't like any other in town. His mother, Olive, was known throughout Pendle as a Spiritualist and Necromancer. She claimed to have the ability to communicate with the deceased and regularly conducted séances in their home. Olive's mystical gatherings were shrouded in mystery, with candles flickering in darkened rooms and the faint scent of incense lingering in the air. She spoke of spirits and entities with great confidence, and her reputation in the community was mixed—some regarded her as a gifted medium, while others saw her as a charlatan.

Donald's brother, followed in their mother's footsteps. He was a budding medium himself, eager to learn the art of connecting with the spirit world. Together, mother and son would delve into the realms of the unknown, exploring the boundaries between life and death.

As Donald grew older, he couldn't escape the feeling that his astral projections were somehow connected to his family's supernatural inclinations. He often pondered the nature of his experiences, wondering if they were a gift or a curse. But he had little time for introspection, for his mother and brother were fully immersed in their spiritual pursuits, and their home was constantly filled with visitors seeking guidance from the beyond.

As the years passed, a growing unease settled within Donald. He couldn't help but wonder if his astral projections were a manifestation of something sinister, a force that contradicted his family's spiritual practices. Doubt gnawed at his soul, and he began to distance himself from his mother and brother's supernatural endeavours.

In 1975, a turning point arrived for Donald Jay. It was a fateful day when he found himself in the presence of a Christian minister who spoke of God's grace and protection. The minister's words resonated with Donald, and he felt a profound calling to embrace Christianity. With unwavering faith, he prayed to be saved from the mysterious world of astral projection.

In the weeks that followed, the astral projections that had plagued him for so long ceased. It was as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders, and Donald felt a newfound sense of peace and purpose in his life. He found solace in his newfound faith, and his connection with God grew stronger with each passing day.

For Donald Jay, the enigmatic world of astral projection was a distant memory, a chapter of his life that had come to a close. He had chosen a different path—one of faith, love, and divine protection. In his heart, he believed that God's grace had saved him from the shadows of the unknown, and he was determined to live a life guided by the light of his newfound faith.

As the years rolled on, Donald's story became one of transformation, a testament to the power of faith and the strength to break free from the ties that bind. And in the town of Nelson in Pendle, his journey served as a reminder that sometimes, in the face of uncertainty, the path to salvation is illuminated by the unwavering belief in something greater than oneself.

By Donald Jay.